

## LUCRATIVE HUMOR.

The suit which GILBERT, the comic opera librettist, who worked with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, brought against D'OLY CARTE has been won by GILBERT. It came out in the trial that both GILBERT and SULLIVAN have received within the past eleven years four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece from their operas. As this sum is about one-third only of the net profits from the operas, the money-making quality of these airy musical compositions is seen at a glance.

The conductors of grand opera must mournfully contemplate the difference between the grand and the small in the opera line as far as profits go. Grand opera is not popular; comic opera is very popular, indeed. This is the secret.

One would fancy that Mr. GILBERT would feel his sense of funniness greatly stimulated by the stream of money poured on him by his numerous works. Even if he found it hard to be funny, it still paid to make the effort.

## IT IS NOT ARBITRATION.

The inquiry which the State Board of Arbitration has made into the causes of the trouble on the New York Central is not without its value, although no judgment binding upon the parties can be rendered.

Had the Board sat in arbitration, some decisive view would have been announced as the result of its deliberation. But the function of the Board, even as one of simple inquiry, is useful and beneficial. It brings out the facts in the case so far as possible for the enlightenment of the public, and the results will be laid before the Legislature with such comments on the situation as the Board may think likely to help the conditions between employers and employees.

## AUTUMN RACING.

The meetings of the Autumn are exciting more interest than has been shown at any time during the year. This is saying a great deal, and shows the hold that horses and races have taken on the people. A splendid quality of horses has been developed by American breeders, and the effect is seen in the gradual destruction of old records which were regarded as wonderful in their day. It is a fine sport, and even for the mere lookers-on at the events of this Fall the races will be exhilarating and enjoyable.

The middle at the Sheephead Bay course yesterday when Vivid, the winner in the fifth race, was first disqualified by the judges and then allowed the race was an exceedingly irritating one. The bookmakers paid out money on the first decision, and were then constrained to pay more on the second, which, naturally, was dispiriting to them. The bother was due to the misinterpretation of a rule by the judges. It is to be hoped that the rules will be better understood after this.

That charming person, Monsieur le Marquis de LEUVILLE, has gone to France with the avowed intention of fighting a duel. This is the most interesting bit of news about the Marquis that has been heard for a long time. It is barely possible for some one to get killed even in a French duel, and it might be—but this sounds unlikely.

The use of soft coal by factories within the limits of a city should be abolished by law. There is no reason why a whole town should be defiled with soot and turned into a dingy, offensive spot simply that a corporation may make more money. New York is a patient, long-suffering city, but this should not be tolerated here.

Speaker TOM REED hustling around to secure his own re-election is a spectacle in which partisanship can have a big share. When it gets round to election time Mr. REED awakes to the fact that the whole of the Republican party is not himself.

If the "L" and surface roads in this city had any consideration for the public beyond the public's usefulness in filling their coffers, they would run more cars at night than they do.

Despite the dreadful condition of copyright laws, GILBERT and SULLIVAN have received \$300,000 from the production of their operas here.

## A More Attractive Pupil.

(From *Mercy's Weekly*)

Miss BEATY—Miss Plainface sold me that you taught her to swim in two lessons. Mr. DASHING—I wish you would teach me!

Jack DASHING—I'm sure I should be delighted, Miss BEATY.

How many lessons do you think I should want?

Jack DASHING—Oh, I think at least a dozen.

## Would Take an Elevator.

(From *Berkeley Free Press*)

Elevator Boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who just arrived at the hotel)—Will you take an elevator, sir?

Old Kentuck (smiling broadly)—Waal, I don't know if I do. I'm feeling a little low-spirited at present.

## A Dose for Each Attack.

(From *Life*)

Johnnie (who got his feet wet and has just finished a hot punch given in consequence)—I was in two muddles. Mamma,

## THE WAYS OF WOMEN FAIR.

Fads, Facts and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.

The Light Shoe Is Here to Stay—Chignons Are Coming—Value of Sweet Words—Cape Gloves.

HERE is no longer any doubt about the light shoe. It is on the carpet and will remain there till further notice. Purple, pearl and silver-gray are first in favor; the pale tints, such as pale coral, currant pink, lavender and turquoise blue, find many admirers, and if there is a dress color to be matched the shoemaker will dye a skin and make it up without extra charge.

The white shoe is the only shoe for a white toilet. That has always been granted. Then there is the white snuff, the white duck, the white lace kid and the white glazed or patent leather with their back-tips and stripes, the effect of which is altogether puzzling, though tending to reduce the apparent size. These are the "fancies" of the novelties. The black, in low and high shoe, is now and always will be the ruling style for the street. The lasts are after those designed for men's wear, and with medium heels, tapering soles and pointed toes. Whatever the purpose, the lady's shoe fits her and there is at least half an inch of spare leather at the tip.

Now the polite inquirer says: "Your pardon?" with a rising inflection of the voice. She also is at work subjugating the pronoun I.

The days of sweet simplicity in hair-trimming, of loose knots, soft coils, graceful twists and coquettish kiss-curls are called off. There was a convention of celebrated coiffeurs in Paris and sentence passed on the Psyche, the Grecian and the Dutch. The cushioned chignon is to be in next week. Let us hope that no greater evil will befall it. That woman will adopt it is a conjecture too foolish for consideration. Heavy hats, weighty comb and broad confutes mean headaches. Women need their brains too much to do them violence.

Sweet words are the music of the world. Say them. If you don't get a chance, make one. People like to listen to pleasant things. They don't cost much, but they will immortalize your memory of men. There is, however, a trick in saying them; fattery talk. Base your assertion on a fact.

Never tire of the blue in your sister's eyes; find a ribbon to match the crimson that steals through the orange of your brother's cheeks. Your father's hand may not be an artist's model, but you can cultivate a fondness for its warmth; wear it against your face and playfully sit it down giving when a new bonnet or gown is wanted. Tell big sister that her voice has some of the Lohenburg music in it; that your son stands like a column of Corinth; that Cousin Tom is graceful, and you will feast on bonbons and new prints as long as you live.

Tan cape gloves are new. They are English. Hence the glove to be. These are made of white doe-skin with guard-gauntlets for driving, and the Albany or slip gauntlet for general use. Some are made with imitation crocodile leather gauntlets of tan, which against the white soft doe-skin makes a very dresy glove. On the other side they sell for \$3. 10d. The chevrettes, in brown, myrtle and tan, self-touched, are very serviceable, and retail at the same price.

Here in town you can get a dogskin mousquetaire of exceptional quality for 90 cents. They are not comparable in style to the expo glove, but a lady can wear a pair eight weeks for common with comfort and satisfaction. In the day of economy, pride needs a lot of drilling, but it is good for the spirit.

The "Sister Dora" apron, the "sweet lavender" and the "eclipses" are the captivating names for very simple pinupos designed by a London firm in West End.

Here we are confronted by bad work. Belts are braided, so are the gloves. This innovation will be pushed for opera, theater and small and carriages.

Division in the Labor party is a sum in reduction, so far as strength goes.

How natural it would be for John L. Sullivan's admirers to present him with a ring.

If Victoria died, and Albert Edward died, and Albert Victor died, there would still be a claim to the British throne, by George!

Phil Armour has made a fine living by his pen.

## BABES OF THE POOR, LEARNING TO RIDE.

The Free Doctors Bring Them Health and New Life.

Friends on All Sides Have Contributed to the Fund.

Food, Medicines and Clothing Distributed to the Deserving.

## THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previous year—\$1,250.00  
Orchard Park House Entertainment Fund—\$1,000.00  
Mackey House Guests—\$1,000.00

Mackey House Guests—\$1,000.